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His Sisters

CHARACTERS

JOHN JOSEPH HAMILTON.....*A much-adored brother*
MARY }
MARTHA } *His sisters*
MABEL }
JESSICA }
JUDITH } *Their friends*
JANE }
CECILE.....*The maid*
HANNAH.....*The cook*

TIME.—The present. LOCALITY.—Any town or city.

TIME OF PRESENTATION.—About thirty minutes.

COSTUMES

Any pretty dresses, suitable to the character portrayed.
CECILE wears the regular maid's costume. HANNAH, the
cook, wears a gingham dress.

INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES

'Phone off stage. Plate of fudge for MARTHA. Maga-
zine for JOHN. Locket and chain for JANE. Letter for
HANNAH.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

As seen by the performer on the stage facing the audi-
ence, R. means right hand; L., left hand; C., center of
stage; D. R., door at right; D. L., door at left; UP, toward
back of stage; DOWN, toward footlights.

His Sisters

SCENE.—*Living-room at the HAMILTONS'. At R. a single door leads into the front hall, and directly opposite at L. is a double doorway leading into another living-room; red plush portières at doorway. At rear C. a large window with a seat directly beneath furnished with pillows. To the R. and L. of window are bookcases. Down R. a fireplace, of which the glow only is visible to the audience. Davenport in front of fireplace. Table R. of davenport. Chairs placed about to suit. DISCOVERED JOHN seated on davenport reading a magazine; MARY stands back of him affectionately smoothing his hair; MABEL sits on a low stool in front of him, her chin in her cupped hands, gazing up at him with admiration; MARTHA stands to R. of JOHN balancing a huge plate of fudge, while she rolls her eyes toward him and smiles with the satisfaction of one who is sure of winning out.*

MARTHA (*in a voice expressive of a thousand things*).
Jo-ey!

JOHN (*turns and sees the fudge; faintly, because he already has partaken of tarts and cookies*). Oh, I say, Martha, that's mighty good of you.

MARTHA (*deposits plate on his lap and perches on arm of davenport*). All yours, John, every crumb!

MABEL. Well, of all nerve. You said there wasn't a bit of chocolate when I wanted to make him some.

MARTHA (*ignoring her sister*). Aren't you going to eat it, Joey?

JOHN (*taking a piece listlessly*). You see, Martha, to tell the truth, I've eaten so many tarts and cookies.

MARTHA (*looking from one sister to the other suspiciously*). Tarts and cookies.

MARY (*who is still smoothing JOHN's hair*). Um-um. Mabel made the cookies and I made the tarts.

MABEL. While you were down getting chocolate.

MARTHA (*taking the fudge*). Never mind, Joey, I'll put it away and you can have it later. I wouldn't make you sick for worlds. [EXIT D. L.]

MARY (*as JOHN is just about to resume his reading, speaks in a voice even more expressive than MARTHA's*). Jo-ey.

JOHN. Yes?

MARY. What do you want for dinner? Hannah says I may get the dinner to-night and I want it to be a grand affair. (*Timidly, while she clasps her hands under his chin*) I thought I'd ask Jessica over.

JOHN. Oh, don't.

MARY. I've been telling her I was going to have her ever since mother and father went off.

JOHN (*indifferently*). All right. Have her. I don't care.

MARY (*anxiously*). You'll be home this evening?

JOHN. Sorry, but I'm out to-night. (MABEL rises, smiling to herself and walks about uneasily all the while intent on the conversation)

MARY. Wouldn't you stay home just to please me? Jessica would be so delighted. She thinks you're perfectly wonderful. (MABEL chuckles) Have you seen her in that new green and silver dinner dress?

JOHN. Don't believe I have. Is she ravishing?

MARY. She certainly is. (*Wistfully*) I thought we could have a very swell affair.

ENTER HANNAH D. L., *much excited*.

HANNAH. I begs your pardon, Miss, but I'd like to spake wid ye in the hall a minute about the new maid.

MABEL. The new maid again!

MARY. Very well, Hannah. (MARY and HANNAH EXIT D. L. JOHN resumes his reading)

MABEL (*flits about nervously for a moment, her eyes on JOHN; finally*). Jo-ey!

JOHN (*tossing his magazine away from him in disgust*). Well?

MABEL (*in the attitude of a suppliant*). Do something for me.

JOHN (*all unsuspecting*). Anything you say. Fire away.

MABEL (*before her courage fails her*). Invite Jane to the Charity Ball.

JOHN (*incredulous*). What!!

MABEL (*a little less firmly*). Invite Jane to the Charity Ball.

JOHN. Say! (*He can scarcely realize his youngest sister has begun to set traps for him too*)

MABEL (*mischievously*). You said you'd do anything I asked you to.

JOHN. But I don't know Jane. I've only seen her once.

MABEL. Yes, but *she* knows *you* and she thinks you are just too wonderful. (*He groans*) She saw your picture on my dresser out to school.

JOHN (*to whom this phrase has become all too familiar*). Don't.

MABEL. And she's been wild over you ever since. (*In a whisper*) She's got a snapshot of you in her locket. (*JOHN groans again*) You needn't groan, sir. Jane's a peach, much prettier than that Jessica Jones! Why, she has ravishingly beautiful hair. Of course it's red, I admit, but it has real Titian hues and there was a professor out to school who went wild over her.

JOHN (*smiling in spite of himself*). And you want me to go wild over her too. Why, the world wouldn't hold both of us. (*Teasing her*) Jane didn't by any chance tell you to ask me to take her?

MABEL. The idea! She wouldn't do such a thing. She just said she wished she could go with you, and of

course she knows I respect her wishes. Please, Johnny dear, won't you take her? (*He makes a gesture of impatience*) Well, you've got to, that's all. You promised you'd do anything I asked, and I'm going to hold you to your bargain, I am, I am—I am! (*Dances about*)

JOHN. Oh, well, I might as well take Jane as any one. If I don't take Jane I'll have to take Judith and Jessica.

MABEL (*flinging her arms about his neck*). Oh, you darling! I'll ask her over and you can walk home with her.

JOHN (*quickly*). Look here, miss. That wasn't in the bargain.

MABEL. Well, how *will* you ask her?

JOHN. Ring her up on the 'phone and have it over in three minutes.

MABEL. Oh, well, I suppose so, but I'm going to ask her over anyway. [EXIT D. R.]

ENTER MARY D. L.

MARY. I've invited Jessica and she's delighted to come. (*In wheedling tones*) You will be nice to her, won't you, John—for my sake?

JOHN (*who has resolved to accept whatever comes and has the manner of such a one*). Mary, I'd do anything for your sake.

MARY (*with a great sigh*). If you only meant that.

JOHN (*intending to have some fun with it all*). But I do mean it.

MARY (*after regarding him for a moment with fox-like eyes*). Then ask Jessica to the Charity Ball—for my sake.

JOHN. Is that all you ask? Why, certainly I will.

MARY. You're not teasing me?

JOHN. Not a bit of it. I'll ring her up this very afternoon and invite her.

MARY. Oh, you dear thing! You've made me blissfully happy. (*Drops a kiss on his forehead*) I'll go out now and make preparations for the dinner party. That new maid is terribly stupid. (*Starts off*)

JOHN (*casually*). The pretty one?

MARY (*stopping c.*). You've noticed her?

JOHN (*more casually*). Couldn't very well help it. I've bumped into her three times in the library doorway.

MARY. For heaven's sakes, what is she doing in the library doorway? She'd better stay in the kitchen and learn a few things. She's terribly exasperating. After you have explained a thing most carefully she has a way of raising her eyes——

JOHN (*smiling to himself*). Beautiful eyes——

MARY. And looking at you as if you were dust under her feet.

JOHN. I hadn't noticed it—but then I've never tried to explain anything to her. She's rather beautiful, isn't she?

MARY. I don't know. I don't like her type half as well as Jessica's. Sometimes her eyes are green. (*GOING to D. R.*) Well, I'm off, and you shall see what a dinner I can prepare. [EXIT D. R.]

MABEL (*off stage, heard telephoning JANE*). Oh, hullo, Jane! Would I like to have you come over? Sure! John's home and he'll play cards with us. (*JOHN strikes an attitude of resignation*) Oh, yes, he'd love to. All right, come right over.

ENTER MARTHA *stealthily* D. L.

MARTHA (*in a whisper expressive of a thousand things*). Jo-ey! (*He starts*) You won't get angry with me if I ask you something?

JOHN (*with infinite patience*). My dear sister, certainly not. Besides, what you ask me can matter little one way or another. What is it, fair one?

MARTHA (*pouting*). You're teasing me and I think you're horrid after I made you all that fudge. *Please* be sensible.

JOHN (*smiling*). I am, and to prove it I'm going to grant you anything you ask of me.

MARTHA. You don't know what a rash promise you are making, sir. I'm in earnest.

JOHN. So am I!

MARTHA. *Very well.*—I am going to ask you to take Judith to the Charity Ball.

JOHN (*dancing about*). Whoop—HEE!

MARTHA (*catching him and stopping him*). Ah-ha, old fellow, now you're caught.

JOHN (*feigning innocence*). Caught? I don't know what you mean. Nothing could make me happier than to take Judith to the Charity Ball.

MARTHA (*only half believing him*). Then go right now and ring her up. It's about time you got onto yourself, and Judy's a dear. Why, John, she'd make you the loveliest wife.

JOHN. Say, wait a year.

MARTHA. Well, she would. She's forty times the girl Jane Johnson is or Jessica Jones for that matter.

JOHN. I haven't a doubt of it, Martha.

MARTHA (*catching hold of him*). Then go ring her up this minute. (*Pushing him to D. L.*) Go! (JOHN GOES and she falls back against the wall overcome with a success she little suspected)

ENTER MABEL and MARY D. R., *talking earnestly.*

MARY. It's awfully strange. Whatever made you think it?

MABEL (*who is never sure of anything*). Oh, I don't know. It just came over me all at once when she looked up.

MARTHA (*who has begun to recover from her shock*). What did Mabel do? What are you talking about?

MARY. Mabel declares she has seen our new maid before. (*They cluster about the window seat*)

MABEL (*with importance*). More than that.

MARTHA. Well what?

MABEL. It just came to me *where*.

MARY. No!

MABEL. Um-um, at school.

MARY. Don't be ridiculous, Mabel.

MARTHA. Wait. The child may be right.

MARY. But she never is, you know. She's always having wild hallucinations about things.

MABEL. Glory, Mary, where did you get that wild word?

MARTHA. Come now, don't begin a squabble. I want to know more about this female. I've been suspicious of something all along.

MABEL (*aware of her importance, which she rarely feels in the presence of her sisters*). Well, of course, I didn't notice anything about her at first, except that she's rather fine looking—how long has she been here, by the way?

MARY. Two weeks. Go on.

MABEL. But to-day when I went out in the pantry for a cookie she was there. I spoke to her and I thought she tried to avoid me, but I followed close on her heels.

MARTHA. Mabel!

MABEL. Well, I wanted to get a look at her. She looked so pretty the night she came.

MARY. Go on with your story.

MABEL. Say, Mary, you've got an awful grudge on that poor creature. What's the matter?

MARY. Oh, she's so stupid and (*Not meaning to say it*) I think John likes her.

MARTHA. John!

MABEL. John!

MARTHA. For heaven's sake, Mary, what do you mean?

MARY. Well, he's noticed her and he thinks her eyes are beautiful.

MARTHA. Heavens, the little witch. Let's discharge her at once.

MABEL. Of course she's up to some scheme and I think it's dreadful to scheme.

MARTHA. She couldn't be.

MABEL. Let me finish my story and you'll see. As I said, I *followed* her out to the kitchen and got around on the other side of the table and got a good look at her and all of a sudden it came to me that I had seen her *before and at school*. If she's the one I think, she wasn't in my

dormitory, but across the campus. I used to see her at dances mostly, and she had perfectly *wonderful* clothes.

MARTHA. Oh, Mabel, dear, you must be mistaken. What would a girl like that become a servant for?

MARY. Of course, Mabel, you're crazy!

MABEL. Oh, I don't know. At any rate *some day* I'll put it over you two, and that day may not be far distant either! (*Turning and looking out the window*) Oh, there's Jane coming, and doesn't she look *sweet*!

[EXIT D. R., *running*

MARTHA (*crossly*). Is that Jane coming here?

MARY. I didn't know it. She needn't ask her to dinner anyway.

MARTHA. I should hope not, for I've asked Judith.

MARY. You haven't!

MARTHA. I have. Why not?

MARY. Because I've asked Jessica, that's why.

[EXIT *flauntingly* D. L.

MARTHA (*following*). For heaven's sake, Mary, you aren't mad. (*From the next room*) I believe you're jealous of Judith.

ENTER MABEL *and* JANE D. R.

MABEL (*spinning JANE about to examine her dress*). Oh, aren't you too sweet for anything!

JANE (*who has but one interest, one thought*). Where is he?

MABEL. In the library, I guess. I'll call him in a minute. Let's have a chat first. (*Pulls JANE down beside her on the davenport*)

JANE. I saw him yesterday on Market Street. Do you know I think he's even lovelier without his uniform.

MABEL (*with great patience because she has listened to all this many times before*). Yes, I don't know but what he is. (*Suddenly*) Jane, I'll tell you something if you won't tell.

JANE. Cross my heart.

MABEL. He's going to ask you to the Charity Ball.

JANE (*surprised*). No!

MABEL. Yes he is. He told me so. Don't look so scared. You said you wanted him to.

JANE. Oh, I do, I do, and I could die of happiness.

MABEL (*contemptuously*). Die of happiness!

JANE. What shall I say when he asks me?

MABEL. Goose!

JANE. Oh, Mabel, I am the happiest girl in the world. What will Jessica Jones say? And Judith Jacobs? They'll *die* of envy.

MABEL. Well, I don't see but the whole three of you'll be dead then.

JANE. No, no, of course, *I* wouldn't die. No one *ever* does die of happiness. That's just an expression.

ENTER JOHN D. L.

JOHN (*who has decided on a rôle*). Good afternoon, Miss Jane.

JANE (*with a nervous giggle*). Good afternoon.

MABEL (*in a stage whisper to JANE as JOHN turns to bring up a chair*). I'm going to leave you *alone* with him.

JANE (*at her wit's end*) Oh, don't. (MABEL *nods*)

MABEL. John, you'll have to entertain Jane a moment. The dressmaker wants me.

JOHN (*elegantly*). With pleasure. (EXIT MABEL D. L., and JOHN GOES over to the davenport) May I sit here?

JANE. Oh, do! (*Makes room for him and he sits beside her rather close*)

JOHN (*in excellent spirits*). I've been wanting to see you.

JANE (*feigning surprise*). Wanting to see me!

JOHN. I suppose you haven't given a thought to the Charity Ball?

JANE. Oh, yes, I have—lots of them.

JOHN. You—have you been invited to attend?

JANE (*mournfully*). No-o.

JOHN. Ah, then I am fortunate.

JANE. You mean?

JOHN (*elegantly*). That I would like very much to take you, mademoiselle. Will you accept my offer?

JANE (*with a long-withheld sigh of relief*). Oh, ye-es, I'd love to.

JOHN. Then it's an agreement?

JANE. Oh, yes, and thank you so much.

JOHN. Not at all. The pleasure is all mine. (*Reaching over and taking hold of the bizarre locket JANE has hung about her neck*) What's this?

JANE (*whose embarrassment returns*). Oh, that's a locket mother bought me.

JOHN. For *his* picture?

JANE. Well—y-yes.

JOHN. Pardon me. I won't look then. (*He is enjoying himself immensely*)

JANE. Yes—you may—in fact, oh, dear, I might as well tell you—it's—a picture of yourself.

JOHN. Of me? How interesting!

JANE. You see, I got it from Mabel's photo-book one day at school and pasted it in here. I hope you don't mind.

JOHN (*dropping the locket*). Not at all. In fact, I'm delighted.

JANE. Really?

JOHN. Really.

JANE (*as if her cup of happiness were brimming full*). Oh!

JOHN. Tell me. How many pictures does Mabel have of me at school?

JANE (*throwing back her head and shutting her eyes, better to visualize*). Well, there's one on her dresser—a big one in a silver frame. There's one on the wall—a snapshot enlarged—and another, a smaller one just below, in profile. And there's a very large one in a gold stand-up frame on the mantel. *Those* are in her bedroom. Then in her study —

JOHN (*interrupting*). Wait, that's enough.

JANE (*demurely*). Your sister's very fond of you.

JOHN (*with undue emphasis*). She is—immensely!

JANE. You—you couldn't blame her. If you were my brother, I should just adore you.

JOHN. Oh, no, you wouldn't. I'm an awful bear.

JANE (*sweetly*). Bear?

JOHN (*gruffly*). Um! My sister has kept quiet as to that side of my character.

JANE (*in a still sweeter voice*). You mean you are cross?

JOHN. Well I should say. You don't know me.

JANE. Oh, I'm sure you can't be a bear—Besides, some things that bears do are nice.

JOHN. Never.

JANE. Oh, yes they are. For instance, they hug people. (*Looks at him saucily.* JOHN groans, but is obliged to smile. MARTHA appears at D. R., unseen by them, sees them, stares for a second, turns quickly and EXITS D. R.) I'm sorry if I've made you angry.

JOHN. No, no, you haven't.

JANE. I didn't mean to be impudent—or—or bold.

MARTHA (*off stage, heard speaking at the telephone*). Hullo, Judith. Yes, yes, it's Martha. (*Much excited*) Come right over, Judith. No, don't bother to change your dress. Come now. (*Receiver is heard to go up with a bang.* JOHN rises and paces the floor)

JANE (*who misinterprets the cause of his impatience*). You are angry with me. (*Buries her head in the cushion*) I'm s-so s-s-s-orry.

JOHN (*alarmed and coming over to her*). Hush. (*Touches her shoulder.* At this most inopportune moment MARY appears at D. R., stares for a moment, then rushes off, all unseen by them) Hush, I'm not angry with you.

JANE (*raising a teary face*). Really?

JOHN. Really. I—I was thinking of things——

JANE (*not permitting him to finish*). But you aren't very nice to think of things when I'm here. (*Head goes back in the cushion*)

JOHN. I never will again, never.

MARY (*off stage, heard speaking at the telephone; she is much excited*). Hullo, Jessica. For mercy sakes, *when* are you coming? Well, hurry up! Whatever have you been doing all this while? (JOHN *groans, clutches his hair in desperation, looks at JANE sobbing in cushion, makes an attempt to escape at D. L., but is met by MARTHA on the threshold*)

ENTER MARTHA D. L.

MARTHA. Have you rung up Judith?

JOHN. Just this minute going to.

MARTHA. Well be quick about it, sir. (*Pointing to D. R.*) That's the shortest way to the telephone. (*He starts and MARTHA GOES DOWN to JANE, who has recovered. On the threshold of D. R. he bumps into MARY*)

ENTER MARY D. R.

MARY. Have you rung up Jessica?

JOHN (*who sees the other two are not listening*). Just this minute going to.

MARY. For mercy sakes hurry up. She may have started already. (EXIT JOHN D. R. MARY GOES DOWN to davenport) Where's Mabel?

JANE (*rising*). She went up-stairs. I think I'll go up and find her, if you don't mind.

MARTHA. Certainly not. Go ahead. (EXIT JANE D. L. MARY and MARTHA follow her with angry eyes)

MARY. She's been flirting with John.

MARTHA. I know it. She ought to have a good spanking. Hark! (*They listen*)

MARY (*not too graciously*). Judith must have come and she's talking with John. Call her in.

MARTHA (*with spirit*). I shan't. Let her talk with him. (*She rises and GOES to D. R.*)

MARY (*angrily*). Why did you ask Judith over?

MARTHA. For the same reason you asked Jessica. I wanted her. [EXIT D. R.]

MARY (*following her out*). You might have waited until some other time. [EXIT D. R.]

ENTER CECILE *cautiously* D. L. *She pretends to dust but keeps her eyes on the door as if expecting some one. Presently* ENTER JOHN D. R.

JOHN. Why do you run away from me?

CECILE. I don't. I have my dusting to do (*Dusts vigorously*) and I *must* do it. Your sisters are *terribly* particular.

JOHN. Hang my sisters!

CECILE (*who knows there is no better remark to hold him*). You'd better go out. If they find you here with me, they'll make a fuss.

JOHN (*sitting on the arm of the davenport*). Cecile?

CECILE. Yes, Mr. Hamilton.

JOHN (*much hurt*). Oh, I say, what did you promise me?

CECILE (*sweetly*). Yes, John.

JOHN. What are you doing here?

CECILE (*mischievously*). Dusting.

JOHN. No, no, I mean why did you come here?

CECILE. I saw your advertisement in the paper.

JOHN. No, no, I mean, why are you working?

CECILE (*facing him*). Now you're impertinent (*Shakes feather duster in his face*) and I don't have to answer you. (*He catches her hand impetuously*) Release me, sir. (*With feigned anger*)

JOHN. Then answer my question.

CECILE. I will some day, (*He lets go of her hand*) and oh, won't you be surprised! (*Laughs softly and goes back to her dusting*)

JOHN. Is it—er hard work here?

CECILE. Oh, awfully! I don't believe I can stand it.

JOHN. No!

CECILE (*facing him*). Your sisters are so exacting, and—and the cook is cruel. Why, this morning besides wiping all those awful breakfast dishes—the *percolator* is *frightful*——

JOHN (*gravely*). I suppose so.

CECILE. And after washing that, she made me peel the potatoes, the nasty things!

JOHN. Awful! Cruel! Wicked!

CECILE. And now to-night your sister is giving a dinner party, and oh, (*Flops into a chair*) think of the potatoes!!

JOHN. Can't you manage without them?

CECILE (*tragically*). No, they are *absolutely indispensable*.

JOHN. By Jove, something ought to be done about it, and I'll see that there is! (*Voices heard without*)

CECILE (*starting up*). Oh, they're coming in here. (*She starts for D. L. and he follows*) No, no, you mustn't come.

JOHN. I thought I might help you peel some of those potatoes.

CECILE. Oh, that's sweet of you, but really the cook wouldn't allow it. [EXIT D. L.]

JOHN. Hang the cook! I'm not afraid of her.

[EXIT D. L.]

ENTER JUDITH, MARTHA and MARY D. R., and a second later ENTER JANE and MABEL D. L.

MABEL. Hullo! I call this a regular party. I've invited Jane, Mary, because she just loves dinner parties. Where's John?

MARY (*sitting on the window seat*). Oh, I don't know. (*Knowing she has no right to say it*) Perhaps he went down to meet Jessica. (*JUDITH and MARTHA sit in chairs and JANE and MABEL on the davenport*)

JUDITH (*quickly*). He couldn't have, for —

MARY (*firmly*). I think he did.

JANE (*saucily*). Well, he didn't, because I just saw him going out in the kitchen.

MARY (*loftily*). Are you sure it was he?

MABEL (*loyally*). I guess Jane knows, don't you, Janey dear?

JANE (*with a giggle*). I guess I ought to know him. I've been with him most of the afternoon.

MABEL. And you're likely to be with him a whole lot more, aren't you, Janey dear?

JANE (*lightly*). Um-um. (*The rest glower at her*)

MARY (*who has walked over to the window*). Here comes Jessica. It's about time. I'll go to meet her.

[EXIT D. R.]

JUDITH (*to MARTHA*). I don't see how Mary can be so fond of that Jessica Jones. Mary's such a wonderful girl.

MARTHA. Neither do I. There's not a thing attractive about her but her looks.

JUDITH. Her looks! Why, Martha, dear, I think she's the plainest thing. That pug nose is atrocious.

JANE. And her hair's a mess. If I had it I'd cut it off.

ENTER JESSICA and MARY D. R.

JESSICA. Oh my, what a surprise. (*To MARY*) I thought I was to be the lone guest. Isn't this delightful?

JANE. Hulloo, Jess. You didn't meet John, did you?

MABEL (*pinching her*). S-sh!

JESSICA. John? No. Why?

JANE. Oh, nothing.

MABEL. Sit over here with us, Jessica. (*JESSICA GOES to davenport*) Your belt's unhooked. (*She catches it*)

JESSICA. I don't wonder; I was hustling to get ready when John rang up. (*MARY smiles to herself well aware of the news that will electrify the rest*)

MARTHA. John?

MABEL. My brother John?

JESSICA (*as if it were the most usual thing in the world*). Um-um, he rang up about the dance. (*All are attentive*)

JUDITH. The dance?

JESSICA. Well, I might as well tell you. He invited me to the Charity Ball.

MABEL. He did! Well of all —

JUDITH. He couldn't have, Jessica dear. You probably misunderstood him on the 'phone.

JESSICA. What do you mean, Judith Jacobs?

JUDITH (*sweetly*). Just what I said. He couldn't have asked you, you know, for he invited me, just now, in the hall.

JANE. Why, Judy, you're all off.

JESSICA (*quickly*). Of course she is.

JANE (*rising and facing the assembly and speaking with eloquence*). No, no, I mean you're all all off, for he invited me, sitting on this davenport, this very afternoon. (*An awful silence during which JANE faces them defiantly*)

ENTER HANNAH D. L., GOES up to MARY and hands her a letter.

HANNAH. Excuse me, Miss Mary, but Mr. John said as how you was to receive this, and as the new maid is nowheres about, I was afther fetchin' it to ye meself.

MARY (*taking letter*). Thank you, Hannah. (EXIT HANNAH D. L.) Excuse me a minute, girls. (*Reads the note, reads it again, and finally throws it from her, runs to JESSICA and weeps on her shoulder*)

MARTHA (*hastening to pick up the letter*). What is it, Mary? What is the matter? (*Picks the letter up, reads it, and is just starting to read it again when MABEL starts up*)

MABEL (*hysterically*). For mercy sakes, Martha, read it aloud.

MARTHA (*running to JUDITH and burying her head on JUDITH'S shoulder*). I can't. You, Mabel.

MABEL (*picking up letter and reading from it*). "My dear sisters—Just a note to say it breaks my heart to displease any of you, but, aware that I cannot please all of you, I choose to please none of you. I am going to marry the new maid, who knew of me through Mabel at school, so you see after all it was through my sisters I got a wife. Your affectionate brother, John." (*Silence. After a moment MABEL points a finger at MARY and MARTHA*) Didn't I say I'd put it over you two some day?

CURTAIN

FARCES

A DOCTOR BY COURTESY; OR, A JOLLY MIX UP

Farce in Three Acts. Six Males, Five Females

By ULLIE AKERSTROM

Two interior scenes. Costumes modern. Sly's father-in-law adopts methods to force Sly into practice, with disaster to Sly throughout. Sly's wife is led by Florette to test Sly's fidelity by calling him in professionally. Sly allows Freddie to personate him, leading to complications in which every one gets mixed up. Flirtations of Sly before marriage also add to his perplexities, all of which are finally unravelled. The "situations" which follow each other in rapid succession make this farce irresistibly comic. Plays two hours.

PRICE 25 CENTS

A PUZZLED DETECTIVE

Farce in Three Acts. Five Males, Three Females

By L. E. W. SNOW

Three interior scenes. A letter inclosing money, abstracted by a darkey who cannot read, causes Ned Walton, the detective, to get his client's affairs all muddled up, resulting in absurd situations, especially when the darkey is supposed to be Walton in disguise. A needy doctor finds his daughter, a brother discovers his sister, and two girl chums become sisters-in-law to their great satisfaction, and the muddle is cleared up. Plays one hour.

PRICE 15 CENTS

THE HOOSIER SCHOOL

Farce in One Act. Five Males, Five Females

By WM. and JOSEPHINE GILES

One interior scene. A realistic picture of a district school in a small Western village. The rough and ready teacher and his tricky scholars keep the audience in a roar. The teacher is finally squelched by the irate mother of one of his pupils. The piece is cleverly worked out and full of funny incidents. Plays thirty minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS

MRS. FORRESTER'S CRUSADE

Farce in One Act. One Male, Two Females

By C. LEONA DALRYMPLE

One interior scene. Helen has written to Professor Butler, inviting him to call to obtain her parents' consent to their engagement. Mrs. Forrester, her mother, also writes inviting him, and requests his co-operation in her endeavor to cure Helen of her habit of using slang expressions. This letter was mislaid and not sent. He calls, and during the interview Mrs. Forrester crowds into her conversation all the atrocities of slang possible, to Helen's consternation and Butler's disgust. Finally, the missing letter accidentally turns up. Mrs. Forrester's attempts at slang are screamingly funny. Plays thirty minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS

A LEGAL PUZZLE

Farce Comedy in Three Acts. Seven Males, Five Females

By W. A. TREMAYNE

Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. This play can be highly recommended, the scenes are easy, the dialogue brisk and snappy, and the action rapid. The parts are all good, being evenly divided, 11 principals appearing in each act. Plays two and a half hours.

PRICE 25 CENTS

RURAL PLAYS

HELD FOR POSTAGE

A rural farce comedy in 2 acts, by Robert Henry Diehl. 4 male, 3 female characters. 1 interior scene, very simple. Time, 1½ hours. Uncle Oliver, leading old man, and his wife are of the "Old Homestead" type of Yankee farmers. Jerusha the town gossip, the town constable and the selectman, contribute the many humorous episodes. The juvenile leads, male and female, are both very effective.

PRICE 25 CENTS

ROSEBROOK FARM

A rural comedy in 3 acts, by Arolyn Caverly Cutting. 6 male, 9 female characters. 1 interior and 1 exterior scene. Time, 1½ hours. Costumes of to-day. Old man, Yankee farmer and three good character parts for the men. A negro maid, some spinsters and an excellent soubrette part for the ladies. Easily staged. A very superior play for amateurs.

PRICE 25 CENTS

THE WAYFARERS

A rural play in 4 acts, by Katharine Kavanaugh. 6 male, 4 female characters. 2 interior, 1 exterior scene, all simple. Time, 2½ hours. Many years before the play opens, Uncle Billy disowns a beloved daughter, she having married against his wishes. Later on he repents of his harshness and makes vain efforts to locate her and her child. How the child eventually returns to her mother's house and what she previously encountered is graphically told by Clytie and Watson. Every rôle is a good one.

PRICE 25 CENTS

WHERE THE LANE TURNED

A rural comedy drama in 4 acts, by Florence A. Cowles. 7 male, 5 female characters. 2 easy interior scenes. Time, 2 hours. This rural play follows entirely novel lines in plot and construction, and as the stage settings are both simple, can be produced in any hall. Among the characters are a pert French maid, a blasé Englishman, an up-to-date chauffeur, and an uncommonly excellent juvenile lead.

PRICE 25 CENTS

WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE

A rural society comedy in 3 acts, by Eleanor Maud Crane. 4 male, 4 female characters. 2 interior, 1 exterior scene. Time, 2 hours. Modern costumes. Mrs. Briscoe, a rich New Yorker, with her two sons and daughter visit Jim Horton's farm. His niece, Eleanor, is an heiress. Paul Briscoe, ruinously in debt, resolves to win Eleanor and her money; he mistakes the Irish maid, Norah, for her mistress, but soon learns his error. Eleanor visits the Briscoes at Newport. Paul by strategy wins her consent. Mrs. Briscoe hears of Jim's sudden wealth and forces herself on him. Later, Jim's wealth proves to be not his, but Peter Adams's, his country neighbor. Things become badly mixed, but by the artless blunders of Norah are finally and satisfactorily settled.

PRICE 25 CENTS

FROM PUNKIN RIDGE

A domestic drama in 1 act, by H. Elliot McBride. 6 male, 3 female characters. 1 interior, 1 exterior scene. Time, 1 hour. Introduces a vain old lady, an adventurer, an Irishman and a Yankee, with their dialects.

PRICE 15 CENTS

PLAYS WE RECOMMEND

Fifteen Cents Each (Postage, 1 Cent Extra)

Unless Otherwise Mentioned

		Acts	Males	Females	Time
Arabian Nights	Farce	3	4	5	2½h
Bundle of Matches (27c.)	Comedy	2	1	7	1½h
Crawford's Claim (27c.)	Drama	3	9	3	2¼h
Her Ladyship's Niece (27c.)	Comedy	4	4	4	1½h
Just for Fun (27c.)	"	3	2	4	2h
Men, Maids, Matchmakers	" (27c.)	3	4	4	2h
Our Boys	"	3	6	4	2h
Puzzled Detective	Farce	3	5	3	1h
Three Hats	"	3	5	4	2h
Timothy Delano's Courtship	Comedy	2	2	3	1h
Up-to-Date Anne	"	2	2	3	1h
White Shawl (27c.)	Farce	2	3	3	1½h
Fleeing Flyer	"	1	4	3	1¼h
From Punkin' Ridge	Drama	1	6	3	1¼h
Handy Solomon	Farce	1	2	2	20m
Hoosier School	"	1	5	5	30m
Kiss in the Dark	"	1	2	3	45m
Larry	"	1	4	4	45m
Love Birds' Matrimonial Agency	"	1	3	4	30m
Married Lovers	Comedy	1	2	4	45m
Ma's New Boarders (27c.)	Farce	1	4	4	30m
Mrs. Forester's Crusade	"	1	1	2	30m
New Pastor	Sketch	1	2	2	30m
Relations	Farce	1	3	1	20m
Standing Room Only	Comedy	1	3	1	35m
Stormy Night	"	1	3	1	40m
Surprises (27c.)	Farce	1	2	3	30m
Tangles (27c.)	"	1	4	2	30m
Little Rogue Next Door	"	1	2	3	40m
'Till Three P. M.	"	1	2	1	20m
Train to Mauro	"	1	2	1	15m
When Women Rule	"	1	2	4	15m
Won by a Kodak	Comedy	1	2	3	50m
April Fools	Farce	1	3	0	30m
Fun in a Schoolroom	"	1	4	0	40m
Little Red Mare	"	1	3	0	35m
Manager's Trials	"	1	9	0	45m
Medica	"	1	7	0	35m
Mischievous Bob	Comedy	1	6	0	40m
Cheerful Companion	Dialogue	1	0	2	25m
Dolly's Double	"	1	1	1	20m
Drifted Apart	"	1	1	1	30m
Gentle Touch	"	1	1	1	30m
John's Emmy	"	1	1	1	20m
Point of View	"	1	1	1	20m
Professor's Truant Glove	"	1	1	1	20m
Belles of Blackville	Minstrel	1	0	any no.	2h
Sweet Family (27c.)	Entertainment	1	0	8	1h
Conspirators (27c.)	Comedy	2	0	12	40m
A Day and a Night (27c.)	"	2	0	10	1h
Gertrude Mason, M.D. (27c.)	Farce	1	0	7	30m
In Other People's Shoes	Comedy	1	0	8	50m
Maidens All Forlorn (27c.)	"	3	0	6	1¼h
Mary Ann	"	1	0	5	30m
Romance of Phyllis (27c.)	"	3	0	4	1¼h
Fuss vs. Feathers	Mock Trial	1	4	4	30m
Tanglefoot vs. Peruna	"	1	7	18	1½h
Great Libel Case	"	1	21	0	2h



PLAYS WE RECOMMEND

For Schools and Colleges

Twenty-five cents (Postage 2 cents extra)

		<i>Acts</i>	<i>Males</i>	<i>Females</i>	<i>Time</i>
Irish Eden	Comedy	3	8	6	2h
Kidnapped Freshman	Farce	3	12	4	2¼h
Matrimonial Tiff	Farce	1	2	1	1h
Little Savage	Comedy	3	4	4	2h
Lodgers Taken In	"	3	6	4	2½h
Miss Mosher of Colorado	"	4	5	3	2h
Miss Neptune	"	2	3	8	1¼h
My Uncle from India	"	4	13	4	2½h
Never Again	Farce	3	7	5	2h
New England Folks	Drama	3	8	4	2¼h
Next Door	Comedy	3	5	4	2h
Oak Farm	Comedy	3	7	4	2½h
Riddles	"	3	3	3	1¼h
Rosebrook Farm	"	3	6	9	1¾h
Stubborn Motor Car	"	3	7	4	2½h
Too Many Husbands	Farce	2	8	4	2h
When a Man's Single	Comedy	3	4	4	2h
Where the Lane Turned	"	4	7	5	2h
After the Honeymoon	Farce	1	2	3	50m
Biscuits and Bills	Comedy	1	3	1	1¼h
Chance at Midnight	Drama	1	2	1	25m
Conquest of Helen	Comedy	1	3	2	1h
The Coward	Drama	1	5	2	30m
Sheriff of Tuckahoe	Western Sk.	1	3	1	1h
Bashful Mr. Bobbs	Comedy	3	4	7	2½h
Whose Widow	"	1	5	4	50m
Alice's Blighted Profes- sion	Sketch	1	0	8	50m
Regular Girls	Entertainment	1	0	any no.	1h
100% American	Comedy	1	0	15	1½h
Parlor Patriots	"	1	0	12	1h
Fads and Fancies	Sketch	1	0	17	1h
Mr. Loring's Aunts	Comedy	3	0	13	1¼h
My Son Arthur	"	1	2	8	¾h
Sewing Circle Meets	Entertainment	1	0	10	1¼h
Every Senior	Morality play	1	0	8	40m
Bride and Groom	Farce	3	5	5	2¼h
Last Chance	Comedy	2	2	12	1½h
Bubbles	"	3	4	3	1½h
Hurricane Wooing	"	3	4	3	1½h
Peggy's Predicament	"	1	0	5	½h
Found in a Closet	"	1	1	3	20m
Slacker (?) for the Cause	Sketch	1	3	1	20m
Baby Scott	Farce	3	5	4	2¼h
Billy's Bungalow	Comedy	3	5	4	2h
College Chums	"	3	9	3	2h
Delegates from Denver	Farce	2	3	10	¾h
Football Romance	Comedy	4	9	4	2½h
Held for Postage	Farce	2	4	3	1¼h
In the Absence of Susan	"	3	4	6	1½h
Transaction in Stocks	Comedy	1	4	1	45m
Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party	Entertainment	1	5	11	2h
Bachelor Maids' Reunion	"	1	2	any no.	1½h
In the Ferry House	"	1	15	11	1½h
Rustic Minstrel Show	"	1	any no.	any no.	1½h
Ye Village Skewl of Long Ago	"	2	any no.	any no.	2h
Rainbow Kimona	"	2	0	9	1¼h
Rosemary	Comedy	4	0	14	1½h
Pharaoh's Knob	"	1	1	12	1h